

DRAMATIC MIRROR

AND

LITERARY COMPANION.

DEVOTED TO THE STAGE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY JAMES REES.]

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VOLUME II.]

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[NUMBER I.]



MR. BOOTH AS SIR GILES OVERREACH.

BIOGRAPHY OF JUNIUS B. BOOTH.

We cannot, from our limited resources, furnish anything like a true history of this gentleman. There are a thousand anecdotes told of him, a thousand eccentricities, which would cause the ignorant to laugh, and the judicious to grieve. These we have omitted.

We copy the following Memoir of his life from a copy of Richard III, published by Turner & Fisher, in Philadelphia, without date.

JUNIUS B. BOOTH, was born at St. Pancras, near London, on the 1st of May, 1796. He first took up the study of law, but afterwards abandoned it. In like manner, he applied his intentions for a while to painting and sculpture; but finally abandoned both these professions for the stage. After provincializing for a year or two, he went to the Netherlands, and while playing at Brussels, (where his performances were much admired,) married a native of that town. In 1815, he returned to London, and obtained an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre; and on the 12th of February, 1817, played at the same Theatre, Richard III, with such decided success, that it became at once

an object of some importance to the managers to secure his talents. Mr. Booth, however, declined several excellent offers which were held out to him at this time, but soon after concluded an engagement at Drury Lane, for a limited period, at a salary of ten pound per week. He made his debut at this Theatre in the character of *Iago*, to Kean's *Othello*, and was received with thunders of applause; the announcement of his name for the same part on the following evening, drew an overflowing house. In some cases it is said, a guinea was offered for a single seat, and "expectation was at its highest point." When the curtain drew up, however, Mr. Booth was not forthcoming, and the Manager in making the necessary apology, read a note from Mr. Booth, stating that he was confined at home by indisposition. A short time after this, and before he had finished his engagement at Drury Lane, he entered into an agreement for playing at Covent Garden, and a violent opposition was in consequence manifested by the audience on his appearance at this Theatre. He next appeared at the Coburg, where he was very successful. His performance of *Fitzhardin* in a play which was brought out about that time, entitled, "The Lear of Private Life," is spoken

of by the critics as having been a great performance. He embodied in this character those fine traits of feeling and mental exertion of which his acting is so conspicuous for, and drew tears in abundance on the occasion. In 1826, Mr. Booth returned to Drury Lane, and soon afterwards embarked for America, but re-appeared on the London boards in the autumn of 1825. He quitted London the second time for this country, in 1827, where he has since been playing with distinguished success. As an Actor, Mr. Booth stands at the head of his profession, and universally acknowledged to be the best performer at the present day, in either Europe or America. He is a ripe scholar, and possesses (as his performances fully prove) great mental acquirements. His mind is of an order, that apart from his professional studies, he can embark with pleasure in other pursuits, and whether as an Actor, a Farmer, or a Scholar, he is alike conspicuous. In the characters which he represents he is unrivalled and alone. No other performer can compete with him in Shakspeare, and as it has been often remarked by members of the profession that his very *littleness* is lost sight of in the natural and splendid exhibitions of his performances.

Mr. Booth is the author of one or more plays, a tragedy entitled "Ugolino," we remember distinctly; it was full of horrors, and wild thoughts, as wildly expressed; having never read the tragedy, we of course cannot speak of its literary character.

In 1836, Mr. Booth paid another visit to England. To him this was truly unfortunate, for Forrest was there. He returned to this country the same year. As an actor, Booth was not sent into this breathing world before his time—with a face that at times weaves a spirituality of passion, he unites a voice of uncommon melody and exquisite modulation. Need we the verse "Why I can smile," &c. to illustrate Shakspeare's meaning, while the incarnate expression stands before us? There is very little of a pure *guttural* character in Booth's voice, as exhibited in Richard, and probably he does not possess the quality in any remarkable degree. This in many cases might be considered a natural deficiency, but we are constrained to believe, that that clear, subdued, plaintive *orotund*, to borrow Rush's terminology, is more affective, and appeals more directly to the soul. Our readers remember the deep well sustained undertones for which Forrest is so distinguished—let him note any passages wherein strong reverential feeling, supplication, penitent humility, or tender pathos is embodied and in most cases, the latter will employ a *guttural*, the former the *orotund*.

Booth knows intimately every angle in his own citadel from buttress to battlement—and the peculiar fitness of his voice for the sneer, leads to his general acting, in characters to which the remark may apply, in a kind of sneering aspect—he will be gentle, indeed, but hellishly sarcastic, when other performers intermingle the harshness of passion. Witness for instance his—"He shall die—and before thy face," or something like, in *Pescara*—his "I'll have her—but I'll not keep her long," in *Richard*—and "So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long,"—and so on.

With such skill does Booth employ his voice, that, saving a certain mellowness which it acquires, it remains clear and unimpaired to the close of the performance—it thus retains its exquisite susceptibility of modulation, and gives no offence from lack of spirit, and delicate variety. We may here remark, that Mr. Booth cannot escape the charge of an occasionally gross affectation of true—a prolongation of the consonant elements, which imparts to the expression an exceedingly disagreeable and sometimes ludicrous effect.

"A thousand hearts are swelling—ng—ng—ng in this bosom." Such a prominent defect, since it can be easily, should in our humble opinion be speedily remedied. But perhaps, even Booth's faults are sanctified—and converted by a reflected splendour into beauties, even like the follies of Paul Clifford, whose robberies were nothing criminal, since they were perpetrated in a gentlemanly manner, and did not violate the properties of etiquette.

In Booth's most extravagant outbursts of passion, there is a temperance which gives it smoothness—he seems to condense within himself those volcanic fires of feeling which in other actors are continually blazing forth in raging fury. In the one case the red hot lava flows through its transparent incrustation as it heaves and boils within its prison-house—the other wastes itself in air, by its unrestrained eruption, and seems to leave behind only an empty shell.

Of this distinguished tragedian, it may be said, and not in disparagement of many other histrionic luminaries, his elocution is the least faulty model for the imitation of the student, that our stage can produce. The lights and shades of his intonation—the judicious and powerful use of the slur—the delicate analysis, by which the drift of the most complicated passages is presented in a clear and well-defined outline, in short, the general propriety of the whole, cannot be too much commended—and yet, we have seen Booth's Hamlet, the most uncomely pattern both in reading and action, that ever saluted our eyes. Anything but the "glass of fashion and the mould of form."

FRED. HILL AND HIS TORN BREECHES.

ASSOCIATION.—The most different characters are sometimes associated by a trifling or amusing incident, and we can seldom think of one, without remembering the others. The New Orleans Picayune tells a good story, to the truth of which we can bear testimony, as we happened to be there. Any body who attempts to relate a humorous occurrence in a better manner than Mr. Pic, is decidedly green. So, as we are not ambitious of a verdant name, we will poach on his columns. It is a rich story, that's a fact. Like the books of old made for Jacky Goodchild, we commence by saying—Once upon a time, J. M. Scott, and Thorne were the managers of the National Theatre, at Cincinnati. A complimentary benefit had been tendered Scott. Some time previously a benefit had been given Thorne, always an immense favourite every where. Upon the occasion of this benefit, the theatre was crowded to its utmost capacity. The beauty and fashion of Cincinnati had turned out, and the dress circle presented a glorious rainbow of bright faces, for the ladies of the Queen city—when they choose to make a display—are not easily surpassed in loveliness by the ladies of any city in christendom. America Vespucci was in town and had been especially invited to the theatre, by the committee of arrangements. Gen. Harrison also, had consented to visit the temple of the drama for "this time only." The General and the fair descendant of the man who didn't discover the American continent occupied the centre box in the dress circle. The piece selected for the occasion was the drama of the "The Jewess." J. M. Scott personated *Eleazar*; Mrs. Trowbridge, an accomplished actress, a great favourite in Cin-

cinnati, and very much respected, played the *Jewess*, and Fred. Hill, who happened to be in Cincinnati, appeared in his favourite character of *John Forrester*.

The play commenced. Every thing proceeded very happily until they reached the thrilling scene between Rachel, the Jewess, and Prince Leopold, where the Prince informs the unfortunate Rachel that he loves, or is to be married to another. The sudden knell of her hopes overcomes the poor girl, and she falls senseless to the earth. It will be remembered that the scene occurs outside of the palace of the prince. As Rachel faints, Leopold hears footsteps and retreats, leaving her stretched upon the ground. At this juncture, John Forrester makes his appearance, discovers the senseless body, calls for help, and bears the miserable girl to a place of safety. At the appropriate time, Mrs. Trowbridge, the Jewess, screamed an awful scream, and fell prostrate upon the stage, while the Prince "made tracks," leaving her alone in her glory. Now was the time for John Forrester, *alas* Fred Hill, to make his appearance. A moment passed and he did not come—the suspense under the circumstance, was growing exceedingly unpleasant. A minute—two minutes waned away, and still was John Forrester among the missing. The scene had become intensely painful and exciting—a female of delicate frame was stretched upon the stage, lifeless, for a much longer time, it appeared, than it would be possible for her to endure the combined inconveniences of her situation. And all this, it was pretty evident, through the inattention of Fred. Hill. Although every heart beat with indignation, there was not a hiss, out of abundant compassion for poor Mrs. Trowbridge, until Fred. made his appearance, after an absence of nearly five minutes, and relieved the lady from her embarrassing situation. Of course, he was greeted with a hiss so decided, unanimous, and prolonged, that it seemed as though the house was transformed into a nest of adders. The play proceeded—the play closed.

Immediately afterwards the stage bell rang, poor Fred. Hill stepped in front of the green curtain, and was received with all sorts of noises, with every manifestation of derision and scorn. The ladies curled their lips in contempt—the dark eye of America Vespucci flashed fire—Gen. Harrison looked as stern as though he was about to make a desperate charge upon the battle-field—while the boys in the pit, and the negroes in the topmost gallery hooted, whistled and yelled in a manner very shocking to ears polite. Fred. bore it like a martyr—with his hand upon his heart, he bowed to the indignities heaped upon him, as gracefully as Fanny Elssler amid a shower of bouquets—and while that audience is hissing, and Fred. is bowing, we will tell you reader, how the outward event fell out.—Close to the theatre was a coffee-house.—Like thousands of us, Fred. liked an occasional drink, and had hastily left the theatre with the full intention of returning before he was wanted. The call-boy, however, found Fred. in conversation with two or three friends, and apprised him that the fair Jewess was flat upon the stage waiting for him. It was not to tell this "over true tale," that Fred. presented himself before the curtain—he was not so green as that—he had impudence and readiness enough for any emergency, no matter how desperate. When the deafening noise had finally subsided, Fred. commenced,—“Ladies and gentlemen: this is the first time since my appearance upon the stage, that I have been received with so decided a manifestation of displeasure on the part of an audience. I will not say that the disapprobation expressed at this time, is undeserved. All I have to say,” continued the delinquent, with an imitatively queer expression of face, pointing to his red tights, “is this, ladies and gentlemen, poor John Forrester had torn his breeches, and was compelled to stop and mend them.”

Down came the house in play going phraseology, in one universal, deafening, thunder-burst of applause—such a burst as we never heard in that theatre before or since—such a burst as will never be heard again. America Vespucci put her handkerchief to her face and tried to blush—the balance of the ladies giggled audibly, and General Harrison gave one of those silent though eloquent laughs, after the manner of Leatherstocking, for which he was famous in his day and generation. Fred. Hill kept his secret, and was ever afterwards a prodigious favourite.

This was the first and last time we ever saw America Vespucci, F. S. Hill, General Harrison and Jenny Thorne together.

From our Correspondent.

SAVANNAH, Jan. 29th, 1842.

Mr. Forbes commenced his season here on Tuesday January 4th, with the "Lady of Lyons," personating the hero "Claude" with a chaste and subdued pathos and dignity, that spoke directly to the feelings of his audience—it is one of his happiest efforts. "Col. Damas" had an able representative in Mr. Fuller, whose performances for a few nights here last spring, made him a welcome visitor again. There is not a better stock comedian in the country—and his "Fixture," in "A Roland for an Oliver," "Billy Bowbell," in "The Illustrious Stranger," are dramatic gems—and in simple country boys, he is most effective and happy. In brief, in all his assumptions he is artist-like and natural—he gives a finished portrait, and not a vulgar caricatured daub. As the beautiful Pauline, Miss M'Bride, appeared to great advantage, we wish to see no better—she has every requisite for the character—youth, grace, and beauty. She has at a step established herself a favorite with the public, and each new performance fixes her more firmly in their favor,—as no one is better deserving public esteem. "The Kinsmen, or, the Black Riders of the Congaree," a drama of local interest here, and from the pen of H. J. Conway, Esq.—has been very successful in representation. Jim Crow Rice played three or four nights to crowded houses. It is a matter of surprise to me how the public will crowd to witness these negro exhibitions, while at the same time they express their contempt of them. *N'importe*, they abuse but go again.

Mr. Forbes produced London Assurance in a manner that quite astonished the natives—as it was supposed it would not, or could not be done decently, out of the northern cities—he has shown them to the contrary. It was played for a week, to fashionable houses, and would have run another, but it was obliged to make way for stars. The cast of the comedy was the same as given by your Augusta correspondent—with the exception of Mrs. Forbes as "Lady Gay Spanker," in which she made her first appearance here for the season, and with great eclat. She gave that glowing description of the "steeple chase" with spirit and effect. An incident occurred the last night of the comedy, worth mentioning. Two persons, who call themselves gentlemen, intruded behind the scenes to the annoyance of the ladies, with none of whom were they acquainted. Mr. Forbes politely informed them that it was contrary to his established rule, to have strangers behind the scenes, and begged them to retire. After some considerable question as to whether they had not a right to go where they pleased, they withdrew in great anger—and repaired to the front of the theatre, seated themselves in the stage box, and revenged themselves by hissing Mr. Forbes, who was playing Sir Harcourt Courty, whenever he came on the stage. He bore it very coolly, till he came to his last speech, when, instead of turning to Dazzle, he turned to the moustached gentlemen, and pointing his finger so that the attention of the whole audience was fixed upon them, he, in the most emphatic manner said—*barefaced assurance is the vulgar substitute for gentlemanly ease—and there are those, who by aping the vices of the great, imagine they elevate themselves by the rank of those whose faults alone they copy, &c.* The audience perceived the

point of rebuke, and loudly applauded, while the two individuals were glad to escape from a scene of such mortification and shame to them. Never was a speech more appropos, or better applied. Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mr. Buckstone, closed an engagement of ten nights last evening. Their houses were good, but not crowded, with the exception of Mrs. Fitzwilliam's benefit. She is certainly unequalled, I may say unapproachable in her varied representations. All allow Mr. Buckstone's talent as an author, but do not discover that he is above mediocrity as an actor. He was not liked at all—Mr. Fuller stands far before him in public estimation here. It affords me pleasure to state that a complimentary benefit is to be given by the citizens to Mr. Forbes, the worthy manager, on Monday evening next. It is richly merited, and, what I know for a fact, came unexpectedly to him—for till every thing was arranged, he was not aware that such an event was contemplated. It is the first thing of the kind ever given here, and it will be a splendid affair. "Jonathan Bradford" is produced to night, Saturday. Hulwer's comedy of Money is underlined, and What will the World Say? is to follow on Wednesday evening. There is a go ahead spirit about Mr. Forbes worthy of example to other managers. *Au revoir.* W.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 26, 1842.

Mr Editor.—Since my last we have had the opera, in all its magnificence. Norma was the first to delight, and its soul inspiring strains as they float upon the silent air, are still listened to, by crowded auditories, though 'tis now announced for the sixth time. Zampa and La Sonnambula have each discoursed sweet sounds, and have been received with enthusiastic delight; but Norma, the first bright star, which appeared on the horizon, shines at its zenith, alone, and unapproachable. I question whether these immortal productions however, received more care and attention in their 'getting up,' in any establishment in the United States. No department has been slighted, the manager has been lavish of expense—and the public are nobly rewarding his exertions. Cinderella is announced as the next in course—then follows Amilie. Dan Marble is playing the 'off nights' and has a 'good sprinkling' of patronage—to-night is his benefit—he has a strong bill—it is a splendid day, and I trust the 'night thereof' may send crowds to the St. Charles to delight Dan, and be delighted themselves.

Ludlow & Smith have recalled their equestrian company from Natchez—and gave us a spice of arena sports last week, with Otto Motty and Levi North yesterday, with 'old Sol' at their head, they left in the Alabama for Havana. Success to them they are a talented troupe—but we can spare them for awhile.

Schinder Epler is 'going it strong.' *Sarsaparilla* has been ascertained to possess another virtue—its drawing qualities have been fully tested—and Dr. Mat Field should receive a diploma. The way De Bar, Farren, and Thom, are perfect *fac similis* of the originals in town, 'isn't to be got over.' Mrs Farren as the little Dutch sleeper, when she appears in the swamp in a tub of 'highly concentrated,' looks like a beautiful specimen of the mother of Diogenes setting an example to her illustrious son.

They talk of reviving London Assurance at this house—the only wonder is why they ever withdrew it. The piece was certainly played better than at the other house. It drew well, yet it was withdrawn after two representations. Ludlow & Smith have an inexplicable way of doing business, and 'would puzzle the devil to fathom their designs. DeBar's Dazzle was great, so was Thom's Meddle. Saunders got a scolding for Cool—but 'twas undeserved—he is a good low comedian and a decided favorite: he was the best man in the company for Cool—after the other parts were cast. In his peculiar line, all acknowledge him, *au fait*.

Hackett commences an engagement at this house to-morrow night—Buckstone and Fanny

are coming. The Naiad Queen is cast—and thirty-two young ladies are wanted for the 'Bath of Beauty.'

Your little Mirror is eagerly sought after—and I hope your remittances per *Johnson* corroborate my testimony. It 'opens rich' and richer every week, and I conclude with the wish that you and it may 'live a thousand years.'

Yours, PUCK, Jr.

THE SOUTHERN STAGE, DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

IN THREE PARTS.

(PART II.)

THE SOUTHERN STAGE.

"The drama here, is yet in its infancy. Let it be fostered, and who can foresee its destiny. Let it be fostered—not with false tenderness, or indiscreet indulgence, but with a care vigorous but parental, frostily, but kindly."

Extract from Robert T. Conrad's Address, delivered at the Booksellers' Festival, Sep. 28 1836.

The state of dramatic literature in this country, is of such a nature, that it would be folly to record the few plays, which have stemmed the tide of public prejudice, even in favor of foreign productions, and have succeeded so far as to escape the censure of criticism, and the hisses of the audience.

That may hereafter be a pleasing task, at present it would be but a sorry subject for the writer, and an uninteresting one to the reader.

The above remarks are applicable to the whole southern country in regard to dramatic writers, but by no means can they be applied to the many talented writers in the other departments of literature. Many of these gentlemen consider dramatic composition beneath their notice, others look upon it as a pleasing employment—but at the same time consider it as a limb chopped off from the great tree of science, and left to perish as if by consent of all parties, authors, audiences, and managers.

It is true dramatic literature in this country, is not protected by law—hence its present very degraded state, but place it upon an equality with the other branches of composition, and we shall soon find among the American people, another Otway, Sheridan, Goldsmith—if not a rival to the creator of the English drama, Shakspeare himself. There is nothing in the widest range of probability, but what the American people can do.

The history of dramatic literature in Louisiana affords but a barren field for the writer, her sons have devoted but a small portion of their time to literary pursuits, other avocations presenting more profitable advantages. The state itself, being as it were in its infancy, and its growth the natural consequence of the enterprise of the people, left but little time for the mind to indulge in the less profitable, though certainly more pleasing avocation of study. Gradually however as the state of society becomes more settled, her citizens will pay that attention to literature which alone is to be expected from the possession of wealth and leisure. One of our ablest writers speaking upon the subject justly observes in relation to the backward state of literature, when compared with that of England:—

"That their literary treasures have been accumulated from Alfred, and Bede, and Chaucer, through a succession of centuries. Let them remember that their literature had reached its Augustan epoch, and was either stationary, or, as some of their own writers say, retrograde, when three quarters of the American states were a wilderness, trodden only by red men. The first ten years subsequent to the revolution, the country had not recovered sufficiently from the shock of that struggle for national existence, to begin to think of a pursuit so exclusively the result of repose and plenty, and order, and the reign of wealth and thought, and opinion, as

the cultivation of letters. Our literature, then, may be fairly estimated at an age of about forty years. This is but a small fraction of the nine hundred during which the literature of England has been accumulating."

As regards the history of dramatic literature in the South, we look upon it as a part of our stage history, and as far as our knowledge of the authors and their productions extend we furnish the names of both.

The northern reader may find fault with our extracts, and somewhat lengthy detail of the productions of our authors, but as it is our intention to preserve every thing in relation to southern literature we hope they will grant us full pardon if these details should prove tedious and uninteresting. A complete list of American plays, their history, and their authors, with the many incidents, anecdotes, and difficulties attending the representation of home productions, would no doubt prove highly beneficial to the best interest of dramatic literature, it would create a taste, artificial, if you choose to call it so. But we feel assured that such caterers as Dr. Bird, R. P. Smith, Conrad, Willis, Sergeant, and a host of others, (whose names are now gradually sinking into the vast ocean of forgetfulness, and whose works lie worm eaten on the shelves of some obscure circulating library) would prepare a mental feast, which would tend to counteract that morbid appetite for foreign dishes, and prepare it for more solid if not more wholesome food.

An abler writer than ourselves, speaking upon the dramatic literature of our country, justly says.

"We do not wish to be understood as making an appeal to the national feeling, an indispensable requisite in all American productions, but we do mean to say, that such appeals when introduced with genuine sentiment and without affectation are proper and praiseworthy. They are equally advantageous to the author and his readers. They give to the productions of the former, all the peculiar and decisive interest, derived from an association of the efforts of the mind, with manners, incidents, and local affections—and they instil into the latter a more powerful feeling of patriotism. Every man contemplates his country with a greater degree of affection and pride, when he sees its happiness, virtues or glories commemorated by genius, in a manner which evinces that he, who celebrates them is himself worthy of admiration. There are so few writers of powerful creative imaginations, that it savours of a base desertion, to withdraw their genius from the service of their country, and devote those powers which were bestowed by providence for higher purposes, to themes and exploits having no connection with her situation or history. The best and most permanent foundation for fame, is our own native soil, and a man who is admired or beloved by his countrymen, may almost dispense with the praises of the rest of the world."—*American Quarterly Review*, for June 1827.

As early as 1753, a company of amateurs performed an original piece, the first ever written or acted in New Orleans; we translate from Gagarre's history of Louisiana, the following account of it. "In 1753 a Choctaw, and a Calapissa Indian having had a quarrel, the former said to the latter that his tribe were the humble dogs of the French, who made them fetch and carry at will, irritated by this taunt the Calapissa levelled his carbine and killed the Choctaw, and then fled to Orleans. The parents of the dead man petitioned the Marquis of Vaudriol to let them have the murderer, the Marquis having made vain efforts to inspire them with other feelings, than those of vengeance, gave orders for the arrest of the assassin; but he escaped. In the mean time the father of him whose blood was sought for, delivered himself up to the Choctaws, to be sacrificed for his son. His proposition was accepted, and the old man stretched himself upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and offered his neck to the axe, and the next moment was a corpse! The deed which none but the heart of a father could have dictated, furnished the plot for a tragedy, written by one of the officers of the colony, Le Blanc de Ville-neuve." From another source we are informed

that the title of the tragedy was *Le Pers Indien*, (the Indian Father,) and that it was performed by a company of amateurs at the Governor's mansion.

The second original dramatic production, and the first played by a regular company, was brought out at the French Theatre, entitled, "*Les Natchez*," or (The last of the Serpent Tribe,) founded upon some romantic incident, which is said to have occurred among the Natchez tribe of Indians. It has been published, but we have been unable to procure a copy.

The third was written by James H. Kennicott Esq.,* entitled "*Irma or the Prediction*," which in competition with five others, gained the prize of three hundred dollars, offered by Mr. Caldwell, proprietor and manager of the American Theatre, New Orleans. It was produced in March 1730, with the following powerful cast.

Remington, - - -	Mr. Caldwell.
Ashton, - - -	Mr. H. G. Pearson.
Harold, - - -	Mr. Field.
Willoughby, - - -	Mr. Gilbert.
Drapo, - - -	Mr. Gray.
Barlow, - - -	Mr. M'Clure.
Scout, - - -	Mr. Hernizen.
Clergyman, - - -	Mr. Clarke.
Physician, - - -	Mr. Morton.
Cornet, - - -	Mr. Carr.
Landlord, - - -	Mr. Kenny.
Servant, - - -	Mr. Lewis.

Officers, Soldiers, and Servants.

Irma, - - -	Miss Jane Placide.
Hinda, - - -	Mrs. M'Clure.
Clara, - - -	Miss Clarke.
Ruth, - - -	Miss Carr.*

Female attendants, &c.

It was repeated five times in the short space of three weeks; and was also played at Cincinnati, for Mr. Caldwell's benefit, the following June, to an overflowing house. The critics of New Orleans have spoken highly of its merits, which consists chiefly in its beautiful imagery, and in the well rounded periods of blank verse. It is the first effort of a very young man; hence may have arisen the want of judgement in the choice of a subject; for it would seem almost incredible that a woman, with a mind so bold, so noble, as Irma, could have been the prey of so weak a delusion as the Prediction. His excuse, however, may rest upon the great superstition of the times. The play is wrought out of an old Welsh legend; but the author (thinking it, perhaps, necessary to secure the prize) has altered the scene, and laid it in this country, at the early period of the Revolution. The characters of Remington and Irma are strongly drawn; they manifest great tact in the author for dramatic effect, and give promise of excellence, when time and study shall have matured his mind sufficiently to guide his genius.

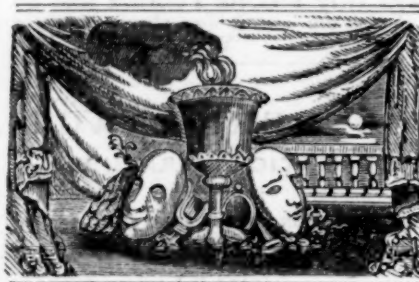
This play was well got up; the characters well distributed, the scenery and dresses appropriate; and crowded audiences nightly testified their approbation, both of the author and actors. Of the acting, we may speak in general terms of praise: yet it will be no manifestation of partiality, in particularly noticing Mr. Caldwell, in Remington, (to whom the author acknowledged himself indebted for the great pains bestowed in bringing his production before the public.) Mr. Pearson, in Ashton; Mr. Field, in Harold; Mr. Gray, in Drapo, which, although a part of seeming insignificance, he made highly important to the interest of the piece; Mrs. M'Clure, in Hinda; and Miss Placide, in Irma, in which character she produced an effect, that will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed the performance.

*This gentleman died in Texas, in the summer of 1837.

*Probably an error. It should read Mrs. Carr. Of the above company Mr. H. G. Pearson is the only one at present connected with the theatre, in New Orleans, Mr. Caldwell having bid farewell to the stage. Morton has turned his attention to commercial pursuits. Field an accomplished young gentleman was drowned at sea, while on his way to South America, in the capacity of supercargo. Gilbert is in Boston. Jane Placide, and Mr. Clarke are dead—and poor Hernizen is lost in the vortex of dissipation.

The Dramatic Mirror, having now attained a large circulation, through all parts of the country, is the best medium now issued, of advertising all matters connected with the Stage.

First insertion, 4 cents a line.
Each subsequent do. 2 cents. do



DRAMATIC MIRROR, AND LITERARY COMPANION.

Saturday Morning, February 12, 1842.

SECOND VOLUME, Our Correspondents, &c. &c.

The editor in commencing a second volume of the Dramatic Mirror, feels it a duty incumbent on him to acknowledge the many favors he has received from various correspondents both at home and abroad, many of these being voluntary, increases the obligation.

There is one gentleman, however, whose invaluable services and the warm interest he has taken in the success of the Mirror, requires more than a passing notice; we allude to our talented townsman, *F. H. Duffee, Esq.* It would be an insult to that friendship of which the Editor has had so many proofs, if he were to allude in any way to the repeated favors received from this gentleman, other than to acknowledge them here, and assure our numerous readers that the second volume of the Mirror will lose nothing in comparison with the first, for while we control the editorial columns our friend *F. H. Duffee* will be identified with its interest. With this assurance we may safely add in the language of Bulwer—

"There is no such word as fail!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Rip's" poetical description of a scene which occurred at the National Theatre, we regret being compelled to decline, as we do not wish to introduce that man's name into our columns, who calls himself its manager. We should be pleased to hear from our correspondent whenever he feels in the vein, for then indeed his wit is ripe.

"S. C. F's." communication dated Pittsburg, has been received—we shall weigh his suggestions in the temperance scale, and if we conclude to follow them, he will find that we will not be found wanting in the hour of danger.

March of Intellect.—Crowds assemble nightly to witness the Indian's exhibiting their wild capers, and the very delicate manner they murder the whites, and how they scalp men, women and children—to all of which the assembly responds with heart cheering plaudits! This is delightful, and we presume will have a wonderful effect upon these savages, and cause them to commit greater excesses when they reach their forest homes. One of the scenes represented is the manner a mail robber was murdered, this was cheered, and almost encored, by the audience. We shall shortly hear of more Indian murders upon our borders.

AUTOGRAPHS

Of distinguished members of the *Histrionic Profession.*

"The art of judging of the character of persons by their writing can only have any reality, when the pen acting without constraint, may become an instrument guided by, and indicative of the natural dispositions."—*D'Israeli.*

We are indebted to Mr. F. C. Wemyss, for upwards of seventy letters from various actors and actresses, who have from time to time visited our shores, as well as from those who have become great and rendered themselves popular in our country. It is not our intention to trace an analogy between the mental capacity of the actor, and the scratches of his pen—as we think it but a poor compliment to men of genius to judge their qualifications, and measure the length and breadth of their intellect by such a rule. Byron would have stood but a poor chance of immortality if his literary attainments had been tried before such a tribunal. He wrote a wretched hand, not the least indicative of genius. Accompanying the MSS., we received the following letter from Mr. Wemyss:

To Mr. JAMES REES,

Dear Sir:—In compliance with your request I have selected a letter from each of the distinguished members of my profession, addressed to me during my managerial career, should the autographs prove acceptable to your readers, I have no doubt Mr. W. B. Wood, or Mr. E. Simpson* of the Park Theatre, New York, could furnish you with many more of an earlier date such as George Frederick Cooke, Fennell, &c. wishing you every success in your present undertaking, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Philadelphia, Nov. 18, 1841.

J. B. Booth

Our present number contains a biography of this gentleman. The letter to which the above signature is attached is a perfect curiosity—we do not feel at liberty to publish it entire, but the following extract will serve as a specimen of the whole. "Give my love to E. Forrest, and tell him I order him to break his engagements, and go as he swore to me he would, and help to shake the plaster off the walls in the capitol, until Andrew Jackson is made King, my respects to John, and believe me, Yours, in anarchy, &c."

This distinguished actor was born on the 9th of March, 1806, in George Street, Philadelphia. He made his first appearance in public, as Norval, at the Tivoli Garden, in the year of 1818, being then as the reader will perceive a "very boy." Nov. 27, 1820, he made his

*If this should meet the eye of either of these gentlemen and they feel disposed to aid us in our cause, their favours will be highly acceptable.

second appearance in the same character, at the Walnut street theatre. [See *Dramatic Mirror*, Vol. 1. No. 13.

This gentleman and very popular tragedian, was born at the drawbridge, Philadelphia, Oct. 17, 1808, and made his first appearance at the Park theatre, New York, 2d of July, 1829, as Malcolm in Macbeth. [See *Dramatic Mirror*, Vol. 1 No. 18.

The history of this gentleman is identified with the history and the fortunes of the Park theatre, New York. At one period of his life, he was considered a very excellent comedian—but his time for the last twenty-five years has been chiefly devoted to the advancement of others in his capacity of manager, and not to the fashioning of himself to the will and approbation of the public as an actor. Mr. Simpson is highly esteemed by all who are acquainted with him, and respected by those who know him professionally.

On the margin of the letter from this gentleman, Mr. Wemyss has written these lines, in pencil mark: "The last theatrical letter ever penned by poor Finn, previous to the destruction of the Lexington. Very valuable to me—preserve it." There is one portion of this long and interesting letter we have taken the liberty of transcribing: "It is evident there was a conspiracy of the elements to thwart our prospects, in which I was a material sufferer." Alas, too true! for it was but a few short days after the receipt of the letter—the melancholy loss of the Lexington was received, and all on board perished. [See *Dramatic Mirror*, Vol. 1. No. 5.

Attached to the letter from which we take the above Autograph, of D. McKinzie, there is one, introducing him to the manager of the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, the writer of which ranks deservedly high as a dramatist, even at the present day; but was formerly a well-known and distinguished histrion, (John Howard Payne.) The annexed extract is taken from the letter referred to: "Mr. McKenzie has sus-

tained on the American boards, a very high and well merited reputation, and in the line of character which I have seen him play, has no superior on the boards of this country, (England) and certainly none in America." The "Mirror of Taste," published in this city, some years since, makes favorable mention of his performances in Scottish characters, (being himself a native of Scotland,) and also of his various other enactments, which were severally admired for their excellent delineation.

This popular actress was born in December, 1805. She is the sister of that highly talented and accomplished lady, Miss M. Tree, now Mrs Bradshaw, and is every way worthy of the distinguished relationship. Her first appearance in London was about the year 1822, at Covent Garden, in the character of Olivia, in Twelfth Night, for her sister's benefit, when she exhibited such promise of future excellence and was so favourably received, that the stage was fixed upon as her future profession, and her genius and improvement have justified the choice.

After having performed at Edinburgh, Miss Tree, in 1823, was engaged at the Bath Theatre, and made her first appearance there in the part of Lydia Languish. This performance at once established her reputation, and she played a long list of characters, tragic and comic, with such increased effect, that she became one of the permanent members of the establishment; and as Bath is the direct road to London, her professional excellence at the commencement of the season of 1827, procured her an engagement at Drury Lane.

The acting of this young lady displays considerable versatility; it is lively, simple, and forcible. Of the latter qualities we have a beautiful example in the Robber's Wife, a performance that may justly vie with the finest efforts of Miss Kelly. Of her visit to this country, and her success our readers are all familiar, we will not swell up our present sketch by alluding to it here.

DR. LARDNER, LECTURES, &c.

We read an article in the Ledger, of the 5th February, under the signature of "Anthrax." The writer urges the necessity of immediate reform, in the theatrical world, and looks upon the success which has attended Dr. Lardner's Lectures in Boston, as the advent of a "great social reform." Now we have no objection to the trial of any species of amusement calculated to please or enlighten the public, but we do object to the immediate pulling down, the theatres, and substituting the lectures of men whose chief cause of attraction is the associations of name—incidents of life, and, if we dare express it, the immoral history of their private actions. If such men as these are to do away with the drama, then indeed shall we have an "advent of a great social reform," unprecedented in the annals of the moral history of the world.

Let us for a moment admit the closing of our theatres, and the commencement of a course of

lectures, would our talented fellow-citizen David Paul Brown, attract a crowded house? Would G. M. Dallas draw, to use a theatrical expression "immense crowds" No!—The consequence then would be—we should to keep up the lecturing excitement, have to procure such men as the Rev. Mr. Van Zandt, Dr. Lardner, and other strollers from a foreign land, whose name has been exalted to the pinnacle of fame by some act or other which would enlist one half of mankind in their favor, and cause the other half to shun them. We look upon the success of Dr. Lardner in Boston as altogether owing to the peculiar history of his private life, and the opposition which was made to him by a portion of the inhabitants of that place.

Unless, therefore these writers suggest some other and more plausible reason for the doing away of theatrical representations, we as their advocate, and the advocate of morality must oppose all such *outré* innovations.

PHILADELPHIA.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.—The history of the drama for the last eight years, would be a curious one, it would in fact be a history of losses to managers, and very little credit, or money to the actor. It would be the history of foreign influence on our literature, as well as our politics, it would be to expose the system of starrng, on the principle of speculation, and undermining the drama by sapping at the root of its morality. The consequence of all this has been the death blow to the legitimate drama—and the compelling of managers to resort to almost every device and plan to uphold their establishments. The beautiful temple of the muses erected by James H. Caldwell, Esq., in New Orleans, has been converted into a circus. The American Theatre in that city, has an equestrian company attached to it, and the managers have been compelled to do this, so that in the absence of greater stars

"Lesser ones may have room to shine."

In New York, horses and vaulters, have closed the Park. Tragedy has yielded to the Gladiator in the ring, and comedy bowed its head to the comicalities of a clown. The beautiful effusions of the poet, have paled before the extravagances of John Smith and his Ethiopian crew—the deep pathos of a Bulwer, died beneath the harmonious thumping of Joe Sweeney on the banjo! In Boston the drama has crumbled to pieces before the purity of a Lardner—nor would we be surprised if the Chesnut street Theatre, with its pale faced aristocracy, who pretend to uphold it, would open wide its doors for these foreign lecturers, and thus for ever shut them against the purity of the drama! We are not going to find fault with the management of the Walnut, he has a perfect right to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors—he has made his bed upon the stage, so let him lie. If however, when he awakes he should find that his bright visions have faded away in saw-dust, he must not blame the public, but attribute his loss and the failure of the experiment, to his own folly, in the endeavoring to compete with a regular established circus, which having succeeded by not interfering with the drama, is likely to put down all that would interfere with it.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening the new tragedy of "Nina Sforza" written by the Rev. Zouch S. Troughton, (a young clergyman,) was produced at this theatre in a superior style. The scenery, costumes, and stage appointments were admirable. Upon a rapid glance at the plot we are enabled to lay before our readers, the annexed brief particulars in relation to the denouement of the piece. Raphael Doria, the head of a powerful house in Genoa, becomes enamoured of Nina Sforza, the daughter of a noble veteran of that city, whom he marries, but fascinated soon after with the charms of a courtesan, Ugone Spinola, his pretended friend, but sworn enemy, seizes upon the opportunity of revenging a deadly feud, which exists between them in consequence of Spinola's father having perished by the hands of the sire of Raphael Doria. On the death of Doria's father he falls into the possession of the titles and revenues which belonged to his parent and to all which he introduces Nina, with the seeming prospect of happiness. But Spinola watches intently his prey, and communicates to Nina a correspondence of her faithless lord with his paramour, and excites her jealousy by appointing an hour to confirm by ocular demonstration the truth of his insidious tale. This is accomplished to his entire satisfaction, and Nina beholds the apparent baseness of Doria, whom she witnesses in his midnight assignation by the aid of Spinola, and resolves upon suicide, in which she is assisted by Spinola, who gives her a potent drug, to accomplish the deadly purpose. Doria at length discovers the villainy of Spinola, whom he accuses and provokes to combat, having previously beheld the hypocrite unmasked by Spinola himself, who communicates to him the enmity he has borne in the revenge of his father's death. They fight, and Doria is disarmed; Spinola is subsequently killed by D'Estala, an Italian and companion of Doria. The piece terminates with the death of Nina upon whom the deadly drug has exercised its venom, and that of Doria, who stabs himself to the heart, upon self-conviction of his own infidelity and its direful effects upon the sensitive Nina, his wronged wife.

The tragedy is replete with poetic gems, rich rare, and resplendent. Several of the scenes possess thrilling interest and others much beauty and tenderness. We incline to the opinion however that it is better adapted to the closet than the stage, as it is evident its accomplished author knew but very little of stage effect, wherein the piece appears principally deficient.

The criticism on the performance has been unavoidably crowded out this week.

ITEMS.

C. H. Eaton is lecturing at Pittsburg, on the subject of intemperance.

Arch St. Theatre.—It is rumoured that Charles S. Porter, an American, is to have the Arch St. Theatre. Is the rumour true?

Faustes at the Bowery next week.

June, Titus, and Angevine's company of equestrians leave for England in a week.

Welsh's company take the Bowery Amphitheatre.

The Little Drury is waiting for Lady Gay Spauker.

No talk of re-opening the Park except for Boz Balls, Lectures, &c. &c.

Conner has grown sentimental in Harrisburg, caused by his "meditations among the tomb." To stand beside the grave of "Old Jeff, and call up the lingering past, is enough to make any man feel sentimental.

Our Baltimore correspondent last week was very severe—but as we place implicit confidence in his opinions, we did not feel justified in qualifying them.

BOZ! BOZ!! BOZ!!!

Columbus's discovery of the new world was an event not more astounding to the gallant crew who had perilled themselves in his adventure, than the discovery of Boz on the shores of Massachusetts, and in the harbor of Boston. It was one of those events marvellous in its character, and refreshing us with intellectual rays of light, gleaming on us in all the creative force of a new existence. "Boz—Boz has arrived!" was the universal shout which welcomed him ashore from the dull steamer which had afforded him the accommodation of a passage, but which now seemed illumined, inspired as it were, by that stupendous genius which had imparted its glow even to the creaking timbers of the fore-castle deck. Boz had walked his rounds of the cabin—his wit had sparkled at the dinner table, beaming with a brightness that has disqualified champagne. It had flowed genially with every cup of Souchong with which the ladies, old and young are habitually pleased to mingle a due proportion of insinuating gossip, and had hal-lucinated the breakfast table with its abundant store of good things—even the sailors themselves had become men of letters, and the cabin boy had learnt to read by inspiration.

Wonderful Boz, the very elements declare thy fame, who then shall express surprise at the shouts which greeted thee on thy landing, and the laudatory banquets which followed. Glorious Boz, turkey stuffed Boz—the stiff necked presbyters hailed thee, the Ten Gallon Law men hailed thee—the striped pig swallowed a bucket full of Santa Cruz to thy glory, and the aquaduct men disdaining cold water inspired by thy presence warmed it with an appropriate infusion of aquavite and tipped it in thy praise.

Never was such a day seen in Boston, as that which brought with it the renowned Boz, to partake of its hospitalities. The lunatic asylums were thrown open, for no man could be considered mad on so glorious an occasion. Not all the learning of the old world can equal that of Boz—not all the imaginative writers of Romance who have sketched out human nature and delineated the human passions can come up to his great chronicles of vicious life—he surpasses all, and if the whole intellect of the western worlds, of our great and surpassing continent were welded together in the mass it would scarcely amount to a tything of that great and astounding genius of that profound literary lion who honors us with his presence. It is then to be wondered at, after the triumphs of an Elssler at Baltimore, Havanna, and elsewhere, that mothers should christen their children Boz, and husbands become uxorious.

But the honours of Boston are expended, and turkeys have become scarce, aquavite too heavily demanded, and the champagne vineyards of New Jersey unequal to the wants of the apostles of Boz for genuine and favourite brands—the longest day must close ere a new day can dawn. And so in Boston, all the pomp and circumstance, feasting, bibbing, piping—dancing yields to the imperial claims of the

empire state to bow down, to worship and adore. to feast and lionize the lion of the day.

We have not heard of any arrangements on the part of the corporation for the reception of our illustrious visitor, and we believe no military order has been issued for a general muster of the military corps to pass under his review; what is strange, General Morris is quite quiet upon the occasion, while General Winchester with his principal aid, Park Benjamin, who have so long fed upon his wit at sixpense a sheet, are quite passive—this is strange, but it is pretty generally believed the two last named gentlemen will take a ticket between them for the grand ball, which is to given at the Park theatre—Park Benjamin attending in propria persona, to give more brilliance and effectiveness to the *coup d'ail*.

But to be serious, while we have the highest respect for the great and splendid talents of Mr. Charles Dickens, whom we are proud to receive with all the honors due to genius, we are disgusted with the twaddle of the day, and the contemptible efforts of men of very inferior understanding at lionising themselves at the expense of Dickens' deserved popularity; we all respect him as a man of superior talent, but we have yet to learn that in the literary annals of his own day, he will be recorded as its brightest ornament. We seek not to undervalue the genius of Boz, we have been delighted with his graphic descriptions, with his delineation of human nature in all its shades and tones of coloring, we have followed him in all his works and never wearied under them—we accord him no faint praise, we yield to him distinguished merit, great and commanding powers—vivid and sometimes electrifying—but we stop—and we verily believe that Boz himself, or rather Mr. Charles Dickens is too sensible a man to be gratified by the ridiculous homage paid to him. If he feels as a man in the spirit of independence, and in that high-mindedness which naturally characterises talent of his order—he will feel something like contempt for the men whose weakness and whose vanity have thrust them forward to such a miserable exhibition of themselves.

NEW YORK.

PARK THEATRE.—On Thursday the 3d instant, this theatre was opened as we announced in our last number, for the purpose of a lecture by Mr. Abbott, the comedian, which was favourably received and as well attended under all circumstances, particularly the Boz excitement as could reasonably be expected. It was repeated on Monday to an audience more respectable than numerous, and probably somewhat more judicious than the assemblages usual at dramatic performances.

Mr. Abbot is well known as a comedian, not so as a lecturer, and we question much whether he will add to his reputation by his readings and recitations; it is not enough to be judicious, these are times demanding efforts more startling in their character more vigorous in their effects.

To be a good lecturer demands the higher powers of eloquence, close study, correct enunciation, quick comprehension, with the whole power of the mind grasping at, and amply fitted to the subject. It requires brilliance and the outpourings of the soul. We are probably fas-

tidious on these matters, requiring more than ordinary human nature can attain; but the lecturer places himself in the position so to be considered—he comes before us professing our enlightenment on the subject of his discourse, and in professing that knowledge which by dint of study he has acquired we expect improvement, and we go away dissatisfied if he has not expanded our store and added something to our train of reasoning on the matters which he has brought before us.

Mr. Abbot has done nothing to satisfy us on these heads, he has brought forth nothing new—he has not contributed one newly developed fact with reference to the stage, nor one new idea. Our feelings on the dropping of the curtain were expressed in nearly the following words—"The stage, behold how it has fallen, and its professors who have worn a life out in its service, behold them risking a well earned reputation in the needy effort to live!"

The Park Manager revelling in prospective Balls, &c.—and having disbanded one of the most talented companies that ever congregated as stock,—query can they be brought together again?—Opened again on Wednesday evening with a Lecture from Dr. Heavyside Lardner on the Solar system. Morality and Astronomy—Hem!

On Monday the 14th., St. Valentines Day.—The Boz Ball!!! all the elite, all the fashion, the loves and the graces—Billet Doux—Cupids and Roses. Splendid preparations are making for this evening in honor of Boz, it is calculated the cost of arrangements will exceed *Seven Thousand Dollars!!!* we shall give full particulars in our next, and in the interim will venture to say if we judge Charles Dickens rightly, that half that sum expended in aid of the suffering poor of the city would be a more gratifying and a more acceptable offering than the one contemplated.

At the other Theatre nothing new. Ample notices in our next.

From our Correspondent.

BALTIMORE.

The Holiday St. Theatre opened according to announcement, under the management of Miss Clifton and Mr. Burton, on Wednesday night, to a good house; the theatre has been cleaned, the painting refreshed, but the scenery is in a wretched condition. The play was the *Rivals* in which Burton exerted himself to the utmost, and succeeded as he always does when put to his mettle, in keeping his audience, who were predisposed to be pleased in perfect good humor. Jones, in Sir Anthony was a little too noisy, but we doubt with the exception of H. Placide, whether we could find a better. James Wallack has improved during his absence, and we are glad to see him again. Shaw, in Sir Lucius O'Trigger was respectable—but Mr. Roberts in Faulkland was any thing else but respectable; in fact the scenes between Julia and himself were drawbacks on the whole play. Mrs. Jones as Mrs. Malaprop, and Miss Lee as Lucy, were perfectly at home. We cannot say as much in favor of Lady Languish, or Julia, it would be difficult to say who was the worst. The Home Squadron, which followed, is a very lame affair, better known here as the Chinese Sea, under which title it was worn threadbare by Mr. Charles Hill. On Thursday Money was produced, Burton in Graves made his audience laugh, but in our opinion, gave too broad a caricature, comparisons are odious, but this comedy was so well acted at the Front St. Theatre, that the palm we were ready to yield from last nights performance must remain a few days longer in our hands before we decide upon the merit of the

two companies; we certainly expected from the advertisement which stated that the fashionable gaming house scene was generally omitted at other theatres from inability to give the people effect, that Burton intended to surprise us, and he did, if from tables, one of them conveniently placed in the back grounds, and two others without even table cover with five or six chairs form the furniture of a fashionable club house in St. James, they must be shabby affairs, and theatres where the scene is omitted for want of them must be badly off indeed. This was not the case in Philadelphia, at the National Theatre, but any thing we suppose the manager thinks will do for Baltimore—why do managers in general resort to such trickery, we would recommend them to read the fable of the Boy and Wolfe, they can easily apply the moral. Charles O Malley has been tortured into a drama, and meets with tolerable success. In the Rent Day Mrs. G. Jones was too dignified and tragical for the wife of a plain English farmer, she may be a good actress, but she does not suit our taste. A ballet called the *Hall of the Caravan* gave Oakley and Miss Lee an opportunity of displaying their agility, and Hielge also to produce a very pretty scene, on the whole the opening of the Holiday St. Theatre has been successful, the houses having been good throughout the week—this is the more strange as Burton charges twice the price of admission he did in your city, and a dollar in these hard times is too much to pay for admission to a theatre.

FRONT ST. THEATRE.—Miss Charlotte Cushman and Mr. Chippendale, as we anticipated appeared for the second time in London Assurance, on Wednesday to about half a dozen people. On Friday Miss Cushman played Nancy Sykes in *Oliver Twist*, in which she gave general satisfaction it is too true a picture of degraded humanity but speaks the artiste in every movement. The tears of the audience proved the strong hold the actress had taken of their hearts. Harrison deserves credit for his performance of Bill Sykes—it would be injustice to Mrs. Eddy, not to notice her acting in *Oliver Twist*, we did not believe she was capable of imparting so much interest to the poor Parish Boy. Chippendale as Bumble was not the Beadle of Dickens—however he made ample amends in Dr. Dilworth—we are sorry to say although the performance was for his benefit the house was very poorly attended. On Saturday we had a treat at this theatre, Jane Shore with Mrs. Phillips as the heroine, and Miss Cushman as Alicia; of the former we have already spoke, in the early part of the season, aided on the occasion by Miss Cushman, whose peculiar province of the drama lies in embodying such parts as Alicia, the fifth act of the play was a succession of triumph, each actress vying with the other; the repeated approbation of the audience rendering the scene of delightful excitement, and rational enjoyment—it is to such occasions the friends of the drama may proudly point. We venture to assert there was not a single person who witnessed this play who did not leave the theatre with the best feelings of the human heart, awakened and improved by the representation—the play was acted throughout in a manner that would have done credit to any company. Matthews, Eddy, Harrison and Eyttinge, all deserved to have the plaudits which marked the fall of the curtain. On Monday Mossop appeared as Rory O'More—Wemyss must better himself, or he will find himself distanced—his houses have been wretched throughout the week, a poor compliment to the talents of Miss Cushman and Mr. Chippendale, who have no reason to feel proud of their success in the monumental city.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

We extract the following racy and amusing paragraph from an article published a few months back, by our talented friend Dr. English—they are exceedingly piquante, and we believe our readers will thank us for the selection.

Sitting in my library, the other evening intently gazing upon vacancy, and doing nothing with perfect perseverance, a friend of mine

called upon me. He bore an invitation to visit the "Vaudeville," a private theatre erected in one of the rooms of the Assembly buildings, which, being a lover of the drama, I instantly accepted. I hastily donned my hat and cloak, and proceeded to the spot of admission. Depositing our tickets at the door, we climbed up a high, wooden hill formed by four pair of steep stairs, and fatigued and breathless, arrived at its summit. After pausing for a moment to recover our ease, we entered the apartment sacred to the drama. It was a very neat, though small room, furnished with benches rising one above another, in amphitheatre style. I was at first surprised to see amid the visitors, some of our most fashionable belles, but when told that they were relatives of the performers, who were mostly young gentlemen in good society, my astonishment ceased. In the back-ground was a crowd of beardless clerks and students, the members of which, dressed in a style which mocked human nature, were loolling on the back benches, or standing with eye-glasses, grasped between their fore-fingers and applied lack-a-daisically to their eye. The poor fellows, appeared to suffer under a partial blindness, for I observed that they could not recognise many of their friends even when gazing them full in their face. I pitied their misfortune, and thanking heaven that I was not born with a defectiveness of vision, cast my glance towards the stage.

The prompter's bell rang. The hurra of voices settled for a moment, and then resumed. The bell rang a second time, and amid a general cry of hush! hush! the curtain arose. The play was called "Amateurs and actors." The part of Geoffrey Muffinap, the little bill of the play informed us, was taken by a gentleman who had never before trod the boards. This fact was evident to every one without any previous information; for a viler murder of the character was never performed, even within the limits of a private theatre. But the audience, good easy souls! thought it quite fine, and gave all manner of applauding noises, from the patrician tap of the right hand upon the palm of the left, to the more plebian noise made by cane-ends and boot-heels upon the floor. A pair of formidable rivals, in the way of bad acting, was found in two other gentlemen, one of whom looked like a pair of old fashioned parlor-longs endued with locomotion. They did caricature human nature most abominably, and I wished a half-dozen times that something might bury both Berry and Elderberry. The character of Wing was the best supported in the piece; perhaps by contrast with the others. The attempt on the part of the personator to sing "vive l'amour" was a perfect failure. The performance hobbled along very prosily until the curtain fell. Not choosing to be bored by any further murders of inoffensive dramatic characters we escaped, as the hum of many voices began to develope themselves.

During our walk homeward, the conversation naturally turned upon the scene we had left. I will not trouble you with our criticism upon the acting or actors; but after our return home, and when we were seated before the fire, my friend recounted to me the circumstances attending his first debut at a private theatre.

"You have been in Dublin," said he, "and of course I need not tell you where Newman street is situated. A parcel of young chaps resolved upon forming a theatre there, for the double purpose of pleasing themselves and friends, and developing that extraordinary dramatic talent which each member imagined he possessed. An old Jew furnished the dresses at so much per head, the whole amount of which was paid in equal shares by the characters. I remember what it was, for I had to pay inclusive of my part of the lights, room-rent, and et ceteras, the sum of six and twenty shillings.

(To be Continued.)

A splendid curtain.—The curtain of Drury Lane Theatre, contains 1000 yards of crimson silk velvet, splendidly embroidered and ornamented with gold fringe, lace, &c.



THE UGLY CLUB.—No. 1.

BY THE EDITOR.

—What grim aspects are these,
These ugly headed monsters?—Milton.
“Oh! beauty, what a dream art thou.”

About the commencement of the seventeenth century, the literary character of the world began to assume a more varied aspect than that which distinguished it through ages of dullness and stupidity. Much of the change was to be attributed to the drama, over which the genius and talents of Shakspeare had thrown a glorious, and as it now proved beyond the possibility of doubt, a never dying light. We might dwell long upon this interesting period of the world, a period which can be likened unto that when Jehovah said, “Let there be light, and there was light.” We might call up the names of those who are identified with the creator of the ideal world, and whose thoughts and imageries are now incorporated into very existence; men, who in their moments of divine inspiration, never thought of the future, while they were weaving for us that thread of romance which links us to each other by stronger ties than those of beastly eating and drinking; men who taught us that life had a thousand charms, and nature a thousand gems, which could only be appreciated through the mirror of poetry and the medium of romance. The reader will wonder at this strange preface, as it were to our first chapter of the “Ugly Club,”—have patience, gentle sirs, it is all tending to one point.

The commencement of the seventeenth century was one of importance to a particular part of the world. London was then as it is now, the seat of learning, of arts, and sciences. The sixteenth century had gone out with a flourish of trumpets and other martial musical instruments; the seventeenth opened to the softer notes of the harp and lute; poetry blended its charms with those of music, and a whole nation “sang together in joy.”

To concentrate and nourish this delightful passion, the whole host embracing the muses and their many attributes were invoked, various societies were established, literary institutions flourished, and the theatres, which were protected by Elizabeth, were nightly crowded with the delighted citizens of London. It was

emphatically the reign of genius. Among the number of those societies, clubs, free and easy's, &c. established about that time, was one entitled the “Ugly Club;” its members were men who were not like any thing on the earth, or above the earth, yet were they earthly. They had a regular code of laws by which they were governed, and no one had a claim to membership, unless he had the requisite qualities stamped upon his face. The object of the society, apart from that which its name implies was evidently, a literary one, still they did not exclude men of meaner capacities from becoming members. They had a poet of some note, a dramatic writer, and a learned judge; the latter, it is said, was so ugly, that he usually wore a mask when on circuit duty, and of the time we speak, wore the badge of honor for being the ugliest man in the kingdom. It was a splendid gold ring, which he was bound upon oath to deliver up to any man who from disfiguration, or nature, could lay claim to it. The judge carried it for twenty years. The dramatic member was the celebrated Thomas Nash, who, as a wit and satirist was superior to all his contemporaries, but as a dramatic poet, must be placed below most of them. He has left behind him only one performance, in writing of which he alone was engaged—“*Summer's last will and testament*.” It was exhibited before Queen Elizabeth, in 1592. While a member of the club he wrote his satirical play of the “*Isle of Dogs*,” in consequence of which he was imprisoned. He was liberated through the influence of his friend Marlow.

One Gabriel Harvey taunts Nash in the tract called “*The Trimmings of Thomas Nash, 1597, written in the name of Thomas Litchfield, the Barber*.” It contains a rude wood cut of a man in fetters, and together with many allusions to dogs, a paragraph beginning with these words:—“*Since that thy Isle of Dogs hath made thee thus miserable, I cannot but account thee a dog, and chide and rate thee as a dog, that hath done a fault, &c.*”

The club held its meetings at the Gorgan head, the landlord of which was a member; and the waiter had but one eye, and half a nose; the ostler had no chin, that portion of his face having been carried away by the unmerciful kick of a horse; and it is recorded on

the books of the club, that the landlord's wife died from fright on her suddenly opening the door of the room wherein they were all assembled.

We have it from an old ugly volume that their proceedings were conducted in a very orderly manner, the sternness of their looks chilling all attempts to create a laugh. If a smile passed over their countenances it was a ghastly one, and soon disappeared in the irregular defiles on faces too ugly even for the sunbeams to illumine.

From the same volume we learn, that on one occasion the neighbourhood was alarmed by unearthly sounds issuing from the club room; the sounds were not like those of men laughing and enjoying the delights of the social glass, on the contrary, they resembled rather the mixed screams which are not unfrequently heard to issue from a mad house. It is said that extreme ugliness was not made to laugh, but to be laughed at, this is a mistake; the sounds spoken of above, were produced by their feeble attempts to imitate the manner and style of the handsomer portion of the human family. The cause of these uncouth sounds, was the fact of the dramatic poet reading one of his plays to the club, it was so peculiarly funny, that is, so exquisitely comical, that they could not resist, and lo! the piece was damned! Such was the society which gave rise to these numbers, and belonging to which was the ring now in our possession—the how and the wherefore will be detailed hereafter.

NOTES TO NUMBER I.

Thomas Nash, was born at the sea port of Leostoff, in Suffolk, he died, in 1600. Nash's talent was satire, in which he must have had great excellence, if we are to credit the contemporary writers of that period.

“*The Isle of Dogs*,” written in 1597 for the Lord Admiral's company of players, then under Philip Henslowe. The following singular particulars are extracted from a diary kept by Henslowe, and which is still, though in a very imperfect and mutilated state, preserved at Dulwich college. It is to be remarked that Malone published none of them.

“Pd. 14th of May, 1597, to Edw. Jobe, upon a note from Nashe, twentye shellinges more for the lyle of Dogges, which he is wrytinge for the Company.”

Pd. this 23d August, 1597, to Henerey Porter to carry to T. Nashe nowe att this tyme in the flete for wrytinge of the Eyll of Doggs, ten shellinges, to be payde agen to me wen he cann. I say ten shellinges.”

“Pd. to M. Blusones, the Mr. of the Revelles man, this 27th of August, 1597, ten shellinges, for newes of the restraynt beyng recalled by the Lordes of the Queenes counsell.”

Christopher Marlow, alluded to was the first English poet who used blank verse in dramatic composition performed in theatres. Tamburlaine was the name of the play in which the successful experiment was made, and it had been acted anterior to 1587. The two parts of Tamburlaine the Great are extant, but nothing is now known of any piece of that date in which the “*Priest of the Sun*” formed a character, said to be a prominent one in the original. In the diary of Henslowe, we find the following entry:

“Pd. [paid] to Thomas Delker, the 20th of December, 1597, for adycions to *Foxtuss*, twentye shellinges, and five shellinges more for a prolog to *Marloes Tamburlain*. So in all I saye payde twentye five shellinges.”

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VALENTINE'S DAY—FEB. 14th.—Just received per Ship Valentine, Captain Cupid, ten days from the kingdom of Love, a rich supply of Valentines, made expressly in that blissful region, for our customers. All Valentines bought of us, are warranted to produce the effect desired, or the money returned.